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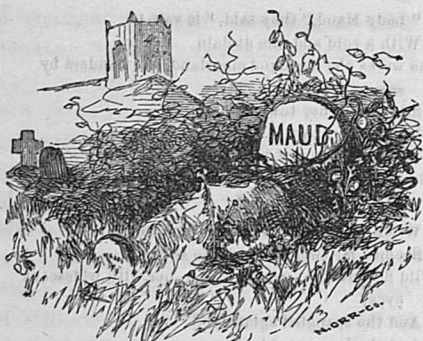
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One chill, red-leaf-falling morn,  
Many russet Autumns gone,  
A lone ship with folded wings, lay dozing off the  
lea;  
It came silently at night,  
With its wings of murky white  
Folded after weary flight—  
The worn nursling of the Sea!

Crowds of peasants flocked the sands;  
There were tears and claspings hands;  
And a sailor from the ship passed through the  
grave-yard gate.  
Only 'Maud,' the head-stone read;  
Only 'Maud?' Was't all it said?  
Then why did he bow his head,  
Weeping, 'Late, alas! too late?'

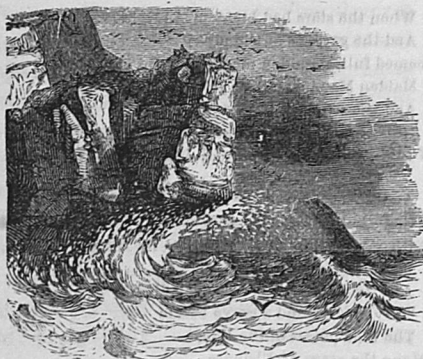
And they called her cold. God knows....  
Underneath the winter snows,  
The invisible hearts of flowers grow ripe for blos-  
soming!  
And the lives that look so cold,  
If their stories could be told,  
Would seem cast in gentler mould,  
Would seem full of love and spring."

"There, to your heliotropes!  
They faint for you on thymy slopes!  
Gather the daisies in the dew,  
The larkspurs and the pimpernels—  
You have the rhymes I made for you!"

"And sad they are as funeral bells?  
They chill my blood. O Launcelot,  
I fear I am like your 'fair Ladye'—  
I watch for my lover here by the sea!  
The May is here, but it brought him not:

"He wrote us he would be home in May:  
We were to walk in the young May-moon!  
Its crescent turned to an orb. 'Tis June:  
I am weary of waiting day by day!"

I pressed the hand she had given to me,  
And turned and stared at the twilight sea:  
How could I speak of the ship that was lost,  
A month ago, on the English coast?



#### AMERICAN PAINTERS. THEIR ERRORS AS REGARDS NATIONALITY.

HO ever has sauntered through the immense picture galleries of Versailles, or lounged within the minor one of the Luxembourg, must have learned to appreciate the national heroism of modern French artists in sacrificing the requirements of antique picture-worship to the emergencies of popular taste. While the quadrangle of the Louvre, a cosmopolitan exposition of paintings from every clime, executed in almost every age, allures to its portals the host of sight-seekers and spectacle admirers of Paris, the regal chateau of Versailles has long been *par excellence* the resort of Parisians; who, viewing art in its poetic development, admire its pictorial treasures with an admiration and intensity, incapable of being engendered within the bosom of one not essentially a Frenchman by birth and nature. The stranger crossing the threshold of the palace, marvels at the amplitude of its painted wonders. He may pause to examine critically the merit of the paintings therein contained, the accuracy of their coloring or the comprehensiveness of their design; he is emphatically a mere spectator, alive to the beauties of art, but untouched by the spirit which calls forth their delineation. But the true Frenchman regards these thousand and one portraits of scenes past and passing in an egotistical point of view, and consequently enters into the completed design of the artist with an enthusiastic vigor, assimilating to the zeal of the author, actuating the production of the work unfurled to his admiring inspection, and thus identifies himself in soul with the creator of his emotions. The French artist has thus accomplished his mission, for he has bestowed upon his handiwork a quality infinitely superior to perfection of mechanical art, by conferring on his critic a sentiment of nationality without experience of which the exercise of art would be aimless. And this very nationality, this irresistible power of fascination, alluring to admiration all classes of visitors, from mere force of association, constitutes the super-excellence of the French school of painters, who, as simple artisans with brush and pigment, may be justly regarded as novices

in their profession. They possess a redeeming quality atoning for all their defects and errors in style and execution, for they strike the chord of the nation's heart, and have commemorated the nation's grandeur.

Let the traveler cross the British channel, and in the midst of the great metropolis, the Babel of our generation, he will find a very expensive and meritorious gallery, upon which the good people of England have conferred the distinctive title of National. Beyond the slight particular of creation from the funds of the nation, the London National Gallery can assert no attribute of nationality. Unlike the paintings at Versailles, intrinsically and emphatically characteristic of the people, who not only have purchased, but produced them, the dearly bought prizes of the British gallery provoke no sentiment of pride, no glow of enthusiasm, no outburst of admiration, within the breast of the Briton, save the very natural admiration of a well-wrought specimen of manual craft. He admires the artist and the product of his labors; still he neither sympathizes with the enthusiasm of the master, nor comprehends the motives for its generation. He regards but little the subject of the painted poem—for art is but the poetry of a refined soul finding vent in imaginative reproduction of reality—and applauds solely the manner of its composition. He views but a beautiful corpse, whence the soul has fled.

Akin with every other utilitarian science, painting has its instructive mission, ever varying as the characteristics of the people change from progress of civilization. To be merely decorative, art fails of its object in invention; for it possesses a nobler purpose, which may be justly defined as the conservation of patriotism. As language keeps alive the fire of nationality, so should painting embalm the genius of a country by preserving memory of familiar scenes, or by transmitting to posterity reminiscences of actions, deeds, or manners. A painting, in a utilitarian point of view, is a monument of some event, political or social; and the more intimately the artist conjoins his work with the spirit of the times or the scene he attempts to delineate, the more thoroughly does his work acquire the elements of artistic greatness. There are degrees in this greatness, which are measured by association, and to attain the acme of greatness requires an almost impossible admixture of good qualities, harmonizing in such a

manner that no single quality shall predominate. By illustration alone can we define our proposition.

A talented artist, well tutored in the production of effects, we will imagine to have produced a faultless portraiture of a fellow-being, and his work is admired as a marvel of art, and essentially of art alone. If this portrait be of some man well beloved of the people, the artist attains from popular association a secondary quality of admiration, enhancing the value of his production. If to the portrait of the man he adds a scene, intimately connected with the personal history of his hero, he further advances in artistic dignity. If to the scene he conjoins reminiscence of some act or deed, tending to augment the political or social importance of a nation in which his hero was a prominent actor, the painter rapidly ascends the scale of greatness. And finally, if he render the face, attitude, or gestures of the man expressive of his internal emotions, as well as indicative of the nature of the scene in which he is an actor, and suggestive of the consequences of his action, the artist achieves a triumph in the reunion of a myriad of associations upon a common centre, which may well entitle him to honor for a comparative fulfillment of his professional mission.

In the century wherein we exist, we have but a solitary standard of merit—utilitarianism. We care not to argue upon the reasons for the existence of this standard, but as it exists we must acknowledge its supremacy, which reigns as well over art as over every branch of industry. Still, as the mission of art differs widely from that of commerce or of mechanism, its utilitarianism assumes a more diverse complexion, scarcely perceptible to an ordinary inquirer, yet readily to be detected from analysis of effect. In its earlier stages of progress, art may have been comparatively decorative, but that day has long since passed away, and to the empire of the brush and pallet has been committed jurisdiction over both political and social morality. With both positive and negative sceptres, the painter, true to the impulse of nature and swayed by the advancement of our common weal, commemorates valorous actions, honors wisdom, stigmatizes crime, chastises folly, and strangles immorality. Thus into the hands of art is committed dominion over the passions not only of the individual, but of the masses composing the body politic,

and he who fails either to comprehend or to appreciate the magnitude of the trust reposed in him, lacks the primary qualifications for his profession, and must, therefore, content himself with an obscurity, commensurate with the delusion of his own vision.

In no quarter of the world has the utilitarianism of the higher branches of the Fine Arts been more thoroughly despised than in America, and consequently, while we have a larger proportion of artists, so called, than of other learned professions, comparatively as to Great Britain, we have produced fewer works of art, properly to be thus termed. This lamentable effect is not to be attributed to any want of popular appreciation on the part of the community, for our citizens not only bemoan tolerable works of art, but absolutely pay most liberally for very indifferent compositions. This scarcity of artistic paintings is chiefly deducible from the apathy of our native artists, who are content to remain in the lower path of their profession without seeking to elevate the common taste by embellishing their works with the more ennobling qualities of art. True, every few years an emulous painter, more remarkable for boldness of conception than delicacy of execution, rises from among the inert mass of artists; still, even these exceptions fail in perseverance to attain legitimate distinction as masters of their profession. To be frank, while but versed in the grammar of their art, they attempted masterly flourishes at rhetorical compositions, and, disconcerted at their failure, too frequently relapsed into stubborn inertness.

Our artists seem to have committed a grievous error, in overlooking the intrinsic importance of nationality in the selection of subjects, and have thus discarded the very quality which may have cloaked minor imperfections. While our history is inexhaustibly rich in incident and adventure, breathing a spirit of fascinating novelty, excelling the legendary heroism of the middle ages, this wealth has been left untouched; while the works of foreigners, neither distinguished for taste nor delicacy, have become a staple in our art-markets, notwithstanding the monotony of their subjects, in which we, born on the soil, feel neither admiration nor interest.

Artists may be accused with show of reason of over-estimating their own abilities, by placing too firm a reliance upon the mechanism of the brush. They toil to ac-

quire a full and legitimate mastery of coloring, of anatomy, and of perspective. They copy the human face most rationally; nay, they even invest it with charms, derivable from art, unpossessed by the original. They reproduce nature in unexceptional foliage, bedewed by the harmony of well bestowed tints. And here unfortunately their labors rest, and they fail to infuse into their works that association with the memory of the spectator, which excites a permanent and honest admiration for artistic works. True, the product of skillful labor, of meritorious mechanism is before us; still it is the mere automaton of Prometheus, lacking life and breath to infuse warmth into our individual souls.

The artist forgets, apparently, that he lives in a century not only of thought, but of action. We have passed through dreamland, and commingle amid the Babel of workers. The mind, like the body of the dweller of this age, requires constant excitement. We are no longer enchanted by the mere beautiful, but yearn after the extravagant. We know not whether the unrest of the epoch contributes to the amelioration of mundane matters; still, its progress demands every human being to fall into the current. Useless is it to stem the torrent of public opinion, of popular tendency; and the one man who adheres to the maxims and prejudices of the past, will assuredly find himself isolated from the popular mass. The wisdom of our ancestors may be appreciated by the learned; admiration of their peculiar tastes may be permitted to eccentricity; still, the new generation has created a new world, and those who wish to live up to the requirements of the age, must abide in the way of the new creation. And here, judge we, have our artists erred:—they have worshipped the past, and unconsciously reproduced its images, and therefore failed to enlist the sympathy of a living generation, regarding the people of the past only as connected with our individual selves. It is a serious misfortune to Art, that the practice of its cultivation entails upon the Artist a comparative isolation from the active world, and therefore, to attain reality, he draws upon imagination. A painter, for example, attempts a battle scene, without ever having engaged in combat; and think you that he can reproduce the enthusiasm, excitement, and vehemence of participants in the deadly conflict? No. Still, by investing his

picture with a spirit of nationality—by rendering his inaccuracies imperceptible to the common eye, absorbed in the contemplation of the reasons for the fight, or the ultimate result of the conflict—he attains a triumph which could not be accomplished by the most faithful and scrupulous reproduction of the living scenes he has attempted to delineate. Consequently the emotions experienced by the spectator have constituted the charm of the picture; and to be able to evoke these, or similar emotions, the painter should comprehend the tastes and inclinations of the people, as a reflective body. He must be, therefore, not only a student of art, of color, of pictorial effect, but likewise of the living world; for, as the essayist delineates the human passions by the pen, in like manner does the artist lay open the greatness and weakness of our race by magic dashes from his brush. This worldly knowledge, inseparable from popular sympathy, should be systematically acquired at the outset of a professional career, and the augmentation of its domination will naturally lead the artist to a proper selection of subjects, such as may ever tend to increase his personal repute. An author, to describe in vivid language the actions of men, should have studied them inwardly, in order to comprehend the motives for their action; and in similarwise should the artist, attempting a like task, fulfill the same preliminary training. Mere rhetorical beauty of style or brilliancy of language can never create a durable historical essay, and, from similarity of need, the hero of the pallet fails, when attempting to enlist popular sympathy by a too credulous reliance upon the mastery of mechanical art.

If art has its error, criticism has still more grievous ones. The critic too frequently follows the painter, while the painter rarely, if ever, follows the critic. We have placed too great stress upon the minute details of art, praising or applauding according to a determined standard of mechanical operations; in fact, we have discouraged the development of ideas, by a blind adherence to the dogmas of professional origin. We have praised the color of Titian, the gracefulness of Rembrandt, and the grandeur of Raffaele; still, how many of the popular mass have ever contemplated the originals of these great masters? And how can they justly appreciate the *imitations* of productions

which they have never beheld? Still, artists of the present day struggle to become Titians, and such mummies of the past, and thus, from force of habit, close their eyes against the beauties of the present. In this wise have we spoiled new-born Teniers, new-born Hogarths, and contemporaneous Landseers. This hero-worship of art, the *pedantry* of the brush, brings with it its punishment, for, in struggling to become Cæsar, we sink into insignificance.

It will be observed that the landscape painters of America have far excelled their rivals delineating the passions. This is a natural result, for in copying nature, we have attained a nationality by the reproduction of scenes appertaining to our climate, and of beauties familiar to every eye. This very success in landscape painting, this triumph of the real, should operate as an incentive to the worshipers of the ideal, by simply showing them that the subject, in a majority of instances, is more than half the picture. In whatever the artist attempts, his primary consideration should be as to the effects to be produced; for failing to enlist a sympathetic response from the spectator, his labor is wasted, being valueless, save as a neat and pleasing specimen of artistic handicraft. From admiration of locality, the mind of every reflective being passes to appreciation of nationality, and, from the enthusiasm of nationality, is but a step to the grandeur of universality. We had trusted that the establishment of the magnificent gallery, known as the "Dusseldorf," would have wrought a serious change as regards the manner of American artists, by demonstrating that in this collection of modern masters a revolution, as to adherence to the prejudice of ancient picture-worship, had been practically wrought. The great charm of the Dusseldorf gallery is simply its nationality, although, in some instances in the historical compositions, nationality has assumed a superior form of universality. Select the instance of the martyrdom of John Huss. However endeared that man may have been to the people of the artist, perpetuating the scene of his greatness, there can live no man, who does not partake, in a measure, of a similar veneration. Still, the artist has superadded to this admiration for the subject, the superiority of comprehending the motives and results of the scenes presented by him; the past, present, and future, embodied in a single portraiture of the pas-

sions, embellished by the accessories of contending emotions. How brilliantly has the artist defined the theory of the martyr's ultimate triumph! There stands John Huss, a simple man, exponent of human individuality, in his own person defying the thunders of authority, exemplified by pope, emperor, nobles, and burghers. The man dies, but the principle liveth; and from the ashes of the one man, the martyr Huss, have arisen churches without popes, nations without emperors, people without nobles, and towns without burghers. Now, in what consists the triumph of the artist, thus bestowing upon the world a great work of this everlasting character? Not in superiority of color, not in brilliancy of mechanical art: for there are neighboring pictures, rivaling its artistic merits, and failing to elicit an equality of commendation; but, in the magnitude of the selected theme, the arrangement of the details of the scene, and in the suggestion of the unpainted future, which is worked out in the mind of the contemplative spectator. And yet we have among us artists, capable of producing as mighty an effort, who dreamily doze, unmindful of the mission of their noble calling.

The hour has arrived when the necessities of our country not only justify, but inexorably demand, the production of a series of national paintings, and we see no proper reason against the establishment of our Versailles, or of our Luxembourg. Our national wealth could not be better expended, and liberality in the encouragement of art forms an admirable feature in our congressional legislation. If even the patronage of the nation were withdrawn, the ample purses of private persons, the mercantile princes of our Atlantic cities, longing to emulate the Medici of old, would guarantee the merited recompense to successful art. It rests solely with the artists of America to assume their mission, and a grateful people will not suffer them to pass unrecompensed or unhonored.

Unto artists we speak, as men of the people, loving, with them, our common country; and we are anxious that they assert the claims of our nation to artistic distinction. We perceive no just reason why, in national works of art, we should be inferior to France, much less to Great Britain. We have the experience of both these countries; we have the precepts of the past, of all countries and all



ages ; we have a history, novel in incident, and a people heartily patriotic, and with a profound veneration for the deeds of their ancestors. With these advantages in their favor, and stimulated by energy and perseverance, our artists may ultimately accomplish miracles compared to their present art-offerings, when they throw aside the monotonous placidity and deleterious inertness which hangs, as a nightmare, upon the general mass of our American painters. The conquering genius, which has mastered practical industry ; which has given to the seas the symmetrical vessels, ploughing the deep, and which has bestowed upon the land agricultural wares of passing plenteousness, should not falter at the pen and pencil. In literature, America has produced most eminent historians ; in sculpture, she has turned forth works of a world-repute ; and now the sister-muse seeks disconsolately an ardent disciple, and the people mourn a purely national painter, to transmit to our children the grandeur of our fathers.



#### SCULPTURE, AS A MEANS OF MUNICIPAL EMBELLISHMENT.



AN observant traveller, visiting our principal cities, and particularly those of the Atlantic seaboard, cannot fail to remark an almost entire absence of municipal works of art, sculptured monuments of civic worth, intended to commemorate the achievements of some famous townsman. And it strikes us that this very absence of ornamental effigies is too often viewed by the stranger as an index of our lack of patriotism ; for if we have forgotten to erect altars to our household gods, how long can we rationally expect home-worship to continue ? In the love for the fireside consists true essence of patriotic nationality ; for one willingly a deserter from his father's home, will not hesitate at self-banishment from the commonwealth. Akin to this sentiment of place-worship, a purely patriotic people should entertain respect, if not veneration, for those who, when living, have adorned the locality with their virtues. When the hero, either of the sword or of the olive branch, departed from the

theatre of his glory, the wisdom of the ancients prompted them to honor the deceased by posthumous exaltation, and, consequently, they bestowed upon him an equivocal beatification, in such wise that he swung in mid-heaven, beneath the society of the gods, and above that of man. Such was the rude and simple monumental ceremonies of the ancient world ; but, upon the decadence of the Roman Empire, the pomp of emperors and the pride of kings despised this paltry translation to spirit land, and invented more tangible demonstrations of their existence. Huge piles of masonry, fantastic triumphal arches, and towering pillars of wrought metals, ornamented with the most elaborate and chaste of sculptured images, speedily were sown throughout the land to commemorate, not only the general fact of a man having lived, but even the minute details of his individual existence. Thus Imperial pride, the vain glory of an ambitious reign, happily served to foster art, and to encourage the development of an unoccupied genius.

Nevertheless, these monuments of fleeting grandeur, dedicated to the perpetuation of memories, purely personal, would have been suffered to fall into decay, had not the protective ægis of their creator's talent been extended to ward off the hands of impious transgressors. Even Gothic barbarians, in their destructive inroads, struck by the beauty or grandeur of the sculptor's art, paused in the work of devastation, and suffered the proud monuments of a people to stand in sullen dignity, after the pride of the living people had been humbled into dust. Hence, in an ostentatious reward of patronage, bestowed upon modest art by the most arrogant of monarchs, their memory has survived through lapse of ages, while the very name of men, who thus became instruments of conservation, perished ignobly with the ruin of the living race—fellow-toilers with themselves.

As the genius of absolutism disappeared before the advances of civilization, and the people became more identified with their own greatness, and the individuality of monarchs grew insignificant as the importance of the masses augmented ; monuments and municipal ornaments changed their character proportionately. Columns and statues in enlightened realms, during the present epoch, commemorate no longer the person of mon-

archy, but the deeds of individuals, and the glory of events, touching national greatness. If the people of England have commemorated Nelson by the Trafalgar column, Nelson is but a type of nautical valor, and his semi-deification but a household ovation to the memory of the illustrious dead, his companions in arms. The exquisite column of the Place Vendôme, the creation of the most absolute of modern absolutists, seeks not to perpetuate the memory of the warlike Emperor, but is most affably consecrated to the grand army. Napoleon, ever politic in the most trivial measures, comprehended too keenly the progress of civilization not to bestow upon a multitude a tithe of that hard-earned glory, which he yearned wholly to appropriate to himself. The Emperor assumed to be Charlemagne, but was, in reality, a mere soldier of France.

During the two last centuries the City of Paris inaugurated a series of purely local monuments, to perpetuate memories of incidents transpiring within the municipality of the French capital. Thus, in front of a mansion in the *rue de Bac* stands a very fine bust of Voltaire. In that house the philosopher of Geneva drew his expiring breath. In every petty city, in every *commune* and hamlet, this idea of commemorating local worth has been carried out, so that the wayfarer upon his journey reads the history of the departed townsman. In England and Austria this laudable example has been successfully imitated, and municipal liberality has thus adorned a town with sculptured ornaments of local pride. Why should we not imitate so ennobling a design, and, by expenditure of small sums now prodigally lavished in unnecessary displays, create more durable works of artistic ornamentation ? Every city in our Union has its local hero, of worth and reputation sufficient to authorize public recognition, and, therefore, we should erect appropriate effigies to conserve the memory of his existence, as well as to infuse a glow of patriotic ambition among the youth of our country.

Will the Empire City not furnish a transatlantic example ? Some of our hotel proprietors have already paid a flattering compliment to literary talent by the appropriation of well-known names. Let the municipality, therefore, render proper homage to that merit our very publicans have honored.